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much—certainly to none else than an American could it be possible."

I bowed in acknowledgment of the compliment to the genius of my country—never, perhaps, so spontaneously elicited. All the rest in relation to the picture was matter of secondary consideration. Although the limbs of the trees were rather strangely twisted, the foliage very queer, and the figures had uncommonly long arms and legs, and the restoration of the name of the artist in one corner was not quite completed, it was a decided *Salvator Rosa*.

I derived much satisfaction in finding that this picture was to go to one of our merchant princes, on the Fifth Avenue, who had sent out an order to a banker here for a *Salvator Rosa* of this exact size, at a price not to exceed one hundred dollars, frame included, to match a genuine *Claude*, which he had luckily purchased at an auction in New York. I freely signed a certificate as to the genuineness of the picture, which the dealer had ready made out in his pocket. So you see, Messrs. Crayon, in spite of the artists, the glorious work is going on, and the value of the old masters is beginning to be properly understood among us.

The next picture that I was invited to scrutinize was a *Raphael*, a duplicate of a "Holy Family," in the gallery at Naples. The restoration of this picture had, as my friend assured me, cost the restorer four months' incessant labor. This I promptly turned into dollars and cents, and made it to be about forty dollars—according to the rate at which restorers are paid—to say nothing of varnishes and materials, which I know to my cost, make very considerable items in the expenses of old picture restoring. Of the originality of this work there is no more question than there is of the one at Naples. My friend informed me he had made a journey to Naples, with a splinter of the panel in his pocket, to test its authenticity; and he assured me, that "the two panels had been undoubtedly cut out of the same log." "Per Bacco!" said he, "I discovered that a gash in the carpenter's plane, which is plainly identical on both, was given by a hidden nail in the panel of my picture. This, therefore, must be the first and the original, and that the duplicate." I saw the nail myself. Who but an artist could have any doubts in the presence of such evidence? And yet, to show you how little artists are capable of judging of the merits of the old masters, this picture was rescued from the hands of one of them (in exchange for an old straining-frame), who had used it to stop a broken pane in his studio window for five years, without discovering its real value.

I have great pleasure in informing you that this picture has gone to America. There was a gentleman of Boston, at the time I first saw it, then on his way to Florence, who, the dealer informed me, was determined to have a genuine "Holy Family," by *Raphael*, at any price. Of this he had been fully advised by his correspondent at Paris (whom I believe the gentleman had the good fortune to have as his courier). With the irresistible evidences of originality and genuine character of the picture before me, especially those of the nail and the plane-marks in the panel, I willingly gave a certificate in relation to this picture also, and so earnestly interested

myself, on the arrival of my countryman in Florence, to secure it to his possession, that he bought it without hesitation. I wish he had been a New Yorker; but, such a treasure should not be lost to the country, let it go where it might. We may now safely pride ourselves in the possession of two genuine *Raphaels*—mine and this.

I examined and passed opinions on various other works in process of restoration in the establishment, and at the same time kept my eyes wide open to see into everything which was going on. I discovered in less than an hour all the mysteries of relining, stopping up, patching, cleaning, retouching, varnishing, etc., etc., and hurried home to make notes and memoranda for practical application and experiment.

I immediately bought up several heaps of old pictures which I met with in the *Piazza del Duomo*, and other places, at a very cheap rate, hired a room in a quiet, out-of-the-way place, up five pair of stairs, and set to work. There, although I found myself often dogged by the police, I devoted myself to earnest experiment in old picture restoration, until I became capable of anything in the business that any man dare undertake.

Soon after the cholera broke out, and raged throughout the summer, as you no doubt know. A panic seized on every one. All who could get away fled; but I stood my ground fearlessly, for I saw an occasion for a Napoleon-like exploit before me, and I achieved it. It proved, as I anticipated, a glorious time to buy up old masters; people were willing to sell for anything. I bought right and left. My man and I were alive as grasshoppers throughout the whole season; and, as you can well imagine, we made a real harvesting of it.

I succeeded in getting possession of three *Giottos*, two *Ghirlandaios*, and of no less than five *Fra Angelicos*. Such glorious specimens, too, of this rare artist last mentioned! So full of grace and incomprehensible beauty! Angels so unlike anything seen in these degenerate days! all with their heads on one side, and their hair parted so exactly on the forehead; one foot up and one foot down, with green wings, and pink ribbons flying about them: some playing by note upon the clarinet, and some upon the fiddle. Then I have several of *Fra Bartolomeo's* best works, and *Michael Angelo's*, too. The artists pretend to say that the latter never painted in oil; but I know better, for I bought no less than six by him last summer. Don't I know his hand as well as I do that of our old firm? Superb specimens they are, too, with the legs of all the figures doubled under them, and every bone and muscle seen, not only through the skin, but drapery, too, plainly enough to be counted. As to the *Andrea del Sartos*, which I have secured, I have not yet had time to count them. The heaps of *Claudes*, *Salvator Rosas*, *Poussins*, *Orizzontes*, *Lucatellis*, *Canallettis*, *Luca Giordanos*, etc., cause me to tremble for the responsibility of their possession. *Raphaels*, *Leonardo da Vincis*, and *Correggios*, are always scarce in the market, and there were only two or three of each brought into it by the cholera, and they were seized upon by the few dealers who dared to stand their ground, before I had a chance at them. I was lucky enough to light

upon several *Titians*, *Paul Veroneses*, *Giorionis*, and others of the Venetian school, with some very choice gems by the Flemish masters, of which I may have occasion to make further mention hereafter.

It did, indeed, seem providential that I should be on the spot, and so fully prepared in every respect, to take advantage of this great occasion for the acquisition of works by the old masters. Such will never occur again. It cannot, for I have made desolate the walls of Florence.

You can now, Messrs. Crayon, well understand the reasons why I had no time to write until now, and even at present I spare it at great sacrifices to my heart-and-soul-absorbing occupations, that I may set you right in the confounded apprehensions you have entertained of my having flinched a hair's breadth from my great purposes.

I will inform you further, in my next letter, of my operations, and especially of my experience in old picture restoration. In the meanwhile, I shall probably be compelled to leave Florence; for, what with the excitement which I have raised among some of the artists, and a few of the dealers, I find that I have gathered a hornet's nest about my ears, which would make a longer sojourn here rather perilous. The government spies, too, have been lurking about my quarters in a way that makes me feel uneasy, as we have no minister or chargé here. If we had, I should stand up for my rights as an American, and show them something they little dream of.

With my best wishes for the increased success of the "CRAYON," in its new shape, as a monthly, I remain yours, as ever,

T. P\*\*\*\*\*.

## Architecture.

DUNCAN & SHERMAN'S BANKING-HOUSE—THE SOCIETY LIBRARY BUILDING—ARCHITECTURE IN NEW HAVEN.

WITHIN the last two years several buildings have been planned for our Banking Institutions, embodying the long-desired, perfect fire-proof construction; and since the wrought iron beams manufactured by Cooper and Hewit, which have been used in most of these edifices and in all the buildings now erecting by the United States government, so facilitate this kind of construction, it is to be hoped that this mode of building our more important structures will soon become the rule, instead of the exception. It is much better that a building should be severely plain and built to last for ages, than that it should be gaudy without, and frail and combustible within. Too much property is destroyed by fire in our American cities. It does not follow that a building to be plain must be uninviting or unmeaning. It can be both simple and truthful, and expressive of purpose. It is because we do not think of this matter, individually, in that spirit of earnestness with which we undertake our business affairs, that our buildings are so stupid if plain, and so tawdry if expensive.

The Banking-house of Messrs. Duncan & Sherman covers an area of about forty-five by eighty feet; is five stories high, and is built of the light-colored Jersey stone; the most beautiful sandstone in the country. The exterior is elaborately treat-

ed in a kind of Italian palazzo style. The first story, decidedly the best portion, is strongly marked with the Florentine spirit. Above this story the windows are enriched, or, more properly, overloaded, with double architraves, consoles, and caps, of segment pediment and horizontal form. The top is finished with a plain modillion cornice, in stone, surmounted by an iron balustrade. The only marked feature about the exterior of this one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollar building is the huge cornucopia at the sides of the second story windows; whether these were intended to typify the abundant resources of the firm, we do not know, but they are certainly a little singular, to say the least, for the symbolic adornment of a banking-house. With this exception, the wall decoration above the first story, is very commonplace. The massive projections of the window caps were doubtless intended to compensate for all deficiency in originality or art-skill. Perhaps the architect became exhausted on the cornucopia; but if that was the case, he should have called in aid, and shown some conscientiousness in the fulfillment of his commission. The spirit of the treatment, however, throughout is bungling and ill-conceived.

The coating of iron pillars with scagliola is an absurdity. A true architect would have worked nights in decorating them with gilding and color, before he would have allowed it. Neither should a fire-proof ceiling be lumbered up with wood-furring, in order to produce an imitation of supporting beams where there are none, thus adhering to a conventional notion both expensive and ridiculous.

What, ashamed of the very merits of the building! and thus attempt to hide the honest iron beams and girders, instead of decorating them truthfully and artistically! When will architects begin to think more, and copy less?

There are excellences, however, in this building of a high order. The spacious and beautiful stairway to the upper stories is quite unequalled for iron work, and the cast-iron window frames and shutters, and the night-doors, cast in a single piece, are sensible and beautiful specimens of work in this material. All these indicate a growing knowledge of the wonderful capabilities of iron. There are also observable in this building a stability and perfectness of construction, which we have rarely seen excelled. This, we understand, is owing chiefly to the thorough practical knowledge of the superintendent, James C. Bucklin. The architect was Alexander Saelzler.

THE SOCIETY LIBRARY, following the example of all other New York Institutions, has moved "up town," and is now partially installed in its new building, in University Place. The change has been a judicious one, as it was desirable to have the library in a more quiet portion of the city, and in greater proximity to its shareholders. Both of these objects are now attained.

The new building is about fifty by eighty feet: built of brick, with basement, or first story in front of stone; stone trimmings to the library story above, and with iron cornice and balustrade. On the left of the hall, as you enter, is a ladies' reading-room; on the right, a conversation-room and com-

mittee or business-room: the stairs ascend from the left-hand side, back of the ladies' reading-room; and opposite the entrance, across the rear, is the general reading-room. The library occupies all of the upper floor, and is divided by a central hall, running from front to rear, with three tiers of alcoves on each side. The stories, or tiers, recede as they extend up, and the whole is lighted by a skylight in the ceiling and triple windows at the ends of the hall.

The first story of the front is very good in treatment. The upper portion is injured very much by a recess in the centre;—an absurd whim of the architect, or a trick to satisfy somebody with a greater pretended enrichment. This should not have been allowed in a front so narrow in proportion to its height. It would have been far more effective with an unbroken front, especially if the windows had been treated with more spirit and power; and the cornice could have been made of stone for the cost of the present one, which is iron painted to imitate stone, and the quoins from the senseless corners of the recess. With these changes the front would have been entitled to much more consideration than at present.

We are glad to see the encaustic tile floor in the entrance hall. This material cannot be too much used for these purposes. It is not only very beautiful, but it is the most durable of all flooring. The arrangement of the first story must be very admirable. The reading-room is a spacious, well-lighted, quiet room. The style of finishing these rooms is pleasing, notwithstanding they are so plain. A few hours of earnest effort might have changed the ugly stair-railing to an attractive object. It looks now as if it had been copied from the worst patterns in the office, or let out to a builder without the least attention from the architect. Such carelessness is wrong.

The effect of the Library-room is very pleasing and appropriate. It is not at all overloaded with dentals and scrolls, and ornaments of every kind, but is positively plain. We are not sure but this was the result of necessity: if it was, we are glad; as we ought to be thankful to any course that will prevent our public buildings from becoming subjects of ornamentation, as the art is usually practised. We were surprised not to find all the shelving within reach, or, in other words, that the galleries had not been arranged with reference to the positive advantage of reaching every book without steps or ladders. A plan which has been adopted in all the more recent libraries of importance.

Some may claim that it will not look well, simply because it requires a little brain work to make it look well. These, however, are the triumphs true art delights to achieve. An architect should never follow his profession as a trade. If he has no loyalty to Art the sooner he stops perverting its noble purposes the better. There is the same carelessness in its gallery-railings as in the stairway—no thought—no labor. A few hundred dollars expended in color and skill (we would not have it all in color) would make this room assume a very delightful appearance. This we hope will be done, notwithstanding the Society has incurred a small debt in their expenditure of fifty-five thousand dollars for their building.

It did seem to us, while passing through the building, that the money expended ought to have given a fire-proof floor under the library. We think it would be much preferable to have the whole front in brick, properly ornamented in the same material, and secure fire-proof floors, than to have the present front with combustible construction. Mr. Thomas the architect ought to have labored hard for this object, as a literary building should be built with the utmost regard to permanency. The present building is intended to accommodate about one hundred thousand volumes.

Architecture in good old New HAVEN has some very singular developments. All the earlier buildings are, of course, in the Roman style. For instance, Dr. Dutton's Church—the church north of it—the old college buildings and several of the old mansions.

The first-named of these buildings, is a very beautiful specimen of this style and is hardly equaled in New England, for strict rendering of Roman architecture. Its proportions are very agreeable. The body of the church is brick with arched bays on the sides, well managed, and a projecting wood portico in front, with tower and spire of wood over the front wall. It is thus a model form of construction, having no substance except in brick walls, where it is really truthful.

South of Dr. Dutton's church, is another church intended for the Gothic style. This building has two charming features about it; one is the grey rubble wall, and the other is the fine growth of ivy, beautifully clustered about on the wall surface, giving greater charm and interest to this would-be Gothic edifice, than all the art known by its builders. For if you look a second time, you will see a wood finish to this rubble wall, and a thin wooden battlement braced out from the shingled roof. Very sharp wood pinnacles adorn the corners of the tower, doubtless intended by the designer to give the finishing touches of beauty and completeness to the sacred temple. But we refrain from saying at this time, all we would say about sham battlements on Christian churches. We know that this building was erected many years since, and hence its inconsistencies are a thousand times more excusable than those in Dr. Cleaveland's church, now finishing on the opposite of the common. Here is a modern church built of well wrought sand-stone, with wood cornice, wood roof, huge wood projections about the top of the tower, carved and twisted and intended to be very ornamental without doubt; a wood spire leading up from the tower with wood buttresses at its base, feigning stone construction, and shame to say, wood mouldings of the most fanciful form, placed within the plain stone door-jambs, where the abominable cheat is thrust upon you, every time you go in or come out of this church, dedicated to the good and the true. It is bad enough to have these impositions at a distance, but a stone door-jamb with wood enrichment is bringing it a little too near. We know that the architect, whoever he may be aspiring to such a name, after such a performance, will stoutly maintain you cannot tell the difference. But has it never occurred to the man, that the foundation of all good architecture is truth—simple

truth? We can pardon the sham of 1826, but we cannot pardon the sham of 1856. The inside of this building, we regret to add, is—sham. The inside represents a rather elaborate clere-story, but a single wood roof encloses the whole exterior. And yet, this combustible falsehood of a building, is to be dedicated with solemn pomp and ceremony to him who judgeth man according to his works!

## THE CRAYON.

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Wholesale Agents, for the lower part of the city, Messrs. DEXTER & BROTHER, No. 14 Ann Street, of whom the Numbers of THE CRAYON can at all times be procured.—See page three of the Cover.

### A CARD.

THE undersigned, owing to continued ill health, which makes the proper performance of his editorial duties impossible, is compelled to relinquish all literary labor for the present, and to resign the conducting of THE CRAYON to his colleague, Mr. Durand.

W. J. STILLMAN.

NEW YORK, June 1st, 1856.

WHILE regretting the cause which deprives THE CRAYON of Mr. Stillman's services, its friends and subscribers may be assured that no change of purpose or plan will be made in carrying out the object for which this magazine was established. In undertaking its sole charge, and while this duty is imperative, it is the intention of the undersigned to conduct THE CRAYON with a view to the interests of ART as effectively as his resources, capacity, and judgment may enable him to do so.

J. DURAND.

## Sketchings.

### THE WASHINGTON STATUE.

THE Colossal Equestrian Statue of Washington, by Mr. H. K. Brown, is now placed upon its pedestal at Union Square, to be inaugurated on the fourth day of July next, with suitable ceremonies. This statue was begun on the 22d of February, 1853, the anniversary of Washington's birth-day, and it will stand a completed work on the 80th anniversary of his country's national existence. On the completion of the model in plaster, we gave (in the first number of "THE CRAYON"), a review of the statue as it then stood in the sculptor's studio. From that review, we reprint the following description—

"The statue represents Washington on horse-back, not in the heat of battle, when the dignity of manhood is, to a certain extent, lost in the excitement of conflict, but at the close of it, in the act of recalling his successful troops to moderation and repose. He sits bare-headed, his hat resting upon his bridle-arm, which restrains his horse's ardor, his sword sheathed, and his right arm and hand extended in the attitude of restraining or commanding to quiet. His head is slightly thrown back, and the position of the whole figure is one of easy dignity, without the slightest show of self-importance. The costume is the simple continental uniform, treated with entire simplicity and great attention to realization without presenting any points

which would interfere with the general impression.

"The artist conceived Washington as at the moment when he ends his military career, and recalls 'the dogs of war'—a moment as important to us as to him, and the one on which more than any other in our early existence, the welfare of the nation depended. It was the moment when he took his position with regard to his country, and drawing back from the carnage, became 'first in peace,' though ambition called him to cross the Rubicon. He uncovers his head in token of his deference to his country, and settles back into his place, secure at least of that position, whatever more may be required of him. He has been the soldier, and that function fulfilled, he waits, deferential and calm, what may ensue; his face slightly upturned, expressing loyalty and truth."

Of the result of the sculptor's work, we have already expressed our opinion on the completion of the model, as a truly noble performance in every respect. It is not only technically great, but expresses a phase of the heroic character, the supreme manhood, which is beyond all mere art, and even beyond perception by those who possess it not in themselves. It is something of which a poet may speak, but of which a critic can communicate by words no kind of idea, that shall avail another person.

It is Washington, as he was never before conceived by an artist, and (and in this we are confirmed by authorities which we respect), treated with a technical success, which no modern equestrian statue excels, if, indeed, any equals it.

The pedestal upon which the equestrian statue stands, is of Quincy granite; its height being fourteen feet six inches. The height of the statue is fourteen feet, making the height of the entire monument twenty-eight feet six inches. The statue is cast in bronze, the metal being of superior quality, and weighs about eight thousand pounds: the body of the horse—i. e., the trunk without the head, tail, or legs—is the largest and heaviest piece of the group, and weighs about three thousand five hundred pounds: it is the largest casting of the same description ever made in this country. The statue as it now stands, is of a warm bright yellow—the color of gold. This color will remain of the same tint for a short time only, gradually changing towards a nut-brown hue, by exposure to the atmosphere, until it finally becomes quite dark. Some years will elapse before this takes place. An idea of the prospective color of the statue, may be obtained from the bas-relief over the entrance to the Appleton building on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway.

The model of this statue was formed direct in plaster instead of clay, the usual material, thereby saving much time and expense, besides affording the sculptor an opportunity to study effects, the plaster being white, for which the dark-colored clay is not so well adapted. Besides this advantage, plaster possesses another one over clay. When the latter is employed, it is necessary to keep it wet, by sprinkling the model with water until the work is completed; but plaster, prepared as it was for the model of this statue, soon dries, and becomes of the same

degree of hardness as sandstone, when it can be cut or scraped accordingly. Anybody may imagine the inconvenience of taking a mould first from clay, and then recasting the model in plaster in a colossal work like the Washington, a process, which in this case, would be attended with loss of time besides some risk, and estimate the advantage of a model fashioned directly in plaster, and ready for the foundry as soon as completed. The model of the statue was finished early last spring. The casting was made at the works of the Ames Manufacturing Co., located in the village of Chicopee, Mass.; the chasing, fitting, etc., was done at the sculptor's studio in Brooklyn, under his own superintendence—a department of the work, usually entrusted to other hands at the foundries in Europe. The design of the base is by Messrs. R. Upjohn & Co.

We are rejoiced to chronicle the erection of a monument in honor of Washington, worthy of his name, of the city, and the Art resources of the country. The public of New York are indebted to a few private citizens for this superb monumental gift. The first idea of erecting the equestrian statue of Washington occurred to James Lee, Esq., a merchant of New York, five years ago. Mr. Lee succeeded in interesting a sufficient number of our citizens in the project, to secure the amount necessary to meet its cost, the subscriptions being mostly obtained in sums of \$500 each. The work was intrusted to Mr. H. K. Brown, whose experience in developing the art of casting works in bronze in this country, eminently fitted him for the practical execution of the commission. From the first idea to the last circumstance of its progress, the work has been quietly and energetically carried forward by both parties. The sculptor's work speaks for itself; and will for all time; we accordingly take pleasure in testifying to that unseen, but effective force, in the production of the statue, which belongs to the sphere of Mr. Lee's usefulness, and which may be termed good management. Mr. Lee's untiring effort, personal labor, and admirable financial ability, form a triad of forces characteristic of our merchants generally, and in this affair they are admirably illustrated. His energy, tact and devotion to the project, deserves the highest commendation, and we hope to see his agency in this enterprise referred to as a precedent, should a similar undertaking be again proposed. The erection of this monument to Washington is a sound, sensible patriotic act; and it reflects the highest credit upon the subscribers collectively and individually.

It would be unjust to several parties connected with the work, not to refer to the share of each in its erection. The Ames Manufacturing Co., at Chicopee, Mass., under the management of J. T. Ames, Esq., have exhibited resources for casting works of art of this description, and have made an advance in foundry practice in this country, which entitles it to the highest praise. There is now no necessity to have works of art in bronze cast in Europe, and it is almost unpatriotic to have them sent